

Wanda 2. Brook  
150

Dedicated to Great Britain and the Colonies

# PATRIOTIC MARCH SONG

# The Britonaise

*Written and Composed by* **Rich & Clegg**  
MUSIC CO.  
13½ QUEEN ST. East, TORONTO, CAN.  
MAIN 5871.

## RALPH M. READE

*Price 50 cents*

THE NATIONAL  
MUSIC CO.  
35 Adelaide St. West,  
TORONTO, CANADA

# "The Britonaise"

## PATRIOTIC MARCH SONG

Ralph M. Reade

1. O, sons of Empire wake to glory,  
The Mother calls, who gave you birth !  
Shall it be said in future story  
Ye failed to show your native worth ?  
Should not the Empire now awaken  
To do the right by Britain's might,  
Like men still keep the record bright,  
With love and loyalty unshaken ?

**Chorus :—**Wake up ! United be !  
Like Britons hold your own !  
To arms ! To arms ! All will uphold  
One flag, one fleet, one throne.

2. Now, now's the time ! Why still lie dreaming  
When love of Empire can prevail ?  
The foreign foe, with falchions gleaming,  
Throws down the gauntlet to assail.  
Shall other banners then wave o'er you ?  
Shall other fleets then rule the waves ?  
Will Britons suffer to be slaves  
With Nelson's deeds allame before you ?

**Chorus :—**Wake up ! United be !  
Like Britons hold your own !  
To arms ! To arms ! All will uphold  
One flag, one fleet, one throne.

3. Too long the Empire waits the morning,  
And still the mother stands alone.  
Think of her Flag your shores adorning,  
Then ask yourself "Can love atone ?"  
Beneath this Flag of matchless beauty,  
The emblem of your liberty,  
For "God and King" on land and sea,  
Behold the Empire's glorious duty.

**Chorus :—**Wake up ! United be !  
Like Britons hold your own !  
To arms ! To arms ! All will uphold  
One flag, one fleet, one throne.

# THE BRITONAISE

EMPIRE MARCH SONG

Ralph M. Reade

**Marziale**

VOICE

PIANO

*f* Bugle Call

*Risoluto*

1. O sons of Em-pire wake to glo - ry, The moth-er  
 2. Now, now's the time why still lie dream - ing, When love of  
 3. Too long the Em-pire waits the morn - ing, And still the

*mf* *Risoluto*

calls who gave you birth      Shall it be said in fut - ure  
 Em - pire can pre - vail!      The for - eign foe with fal - chions  
 Moth - er stands a - lone!      Think of her Flag your shores a -

sto - ry. Ye fail'd to show your na - tive worth. Should not the  
gleam - ing, Throws down the gaunt-let to as - sail: Shall oth - er  
dorn - ing, Then ask your-self "Can love a - tone?" Be - neath this

Em - pire now a - wak - en, To do the right by Bri - tain's  
ban - ners then wave o'er you, Shall oth - er fleets then rule the  
Flag of match - less beau - ty, The em - bleam of your lib - er -

might, Like men still keep the rec - ord bright, With  
waves Will Bri - tons suf - fer to be slaves, With  
ty, For "God and King" on land and sea, Be -



## CHORUS

*a tempo* **Con Brio**

*rit.* - - - - - *a tempo*

love and loy - al - ty un - shak - en?  
 Nel - son's deeds a - flame be - fore you? Wake up! u - nit - ed  
 hold the Em - pire's glo - rious du - ty!

*rit.* - - - - - *a tempo*

bel Like Bri - tons hold your own! To

arms, to arms, all will up - hold! One Flag! One Fleet! One Throne!

*cresc.* - - - - - *rit.* *a tempo*

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The Dreams That Never Can Come True.

Wm. HAMILTON HAYNE.

J. ERNEST LAWRENCE.

## Introduction.

*p*

As moun-tain heights tran-scend the vales, As day-time shames the dark, — Or  
As gi-ant trees o'er-top a fern, As blooms out-shine the grain, — Or  
As life is loft-i-er than death, As thought, out-reach-es words, — Or

as the moon's full splen-dor dims A glow-worm's ti-ny spark, — So  
as the sea's deep an-them drowns The ly-ric fall of rain, — So  
as the lark's voice soars a-bove The pipe of win-ter birds, — So

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada in the year 1907

by J. Ernest Lawrence at the Department of Agriculture.

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